

The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SPRING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.
BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

Oh! where do you fly so fast, sweet bird?
To northern climes I fly;
For Spring has begun, and clear shines the sun—

And the brooks go dancing by."

Then hasten, oh! hasten your flight, dear bird—

And on me a favor confer:
To my lady-love say, that I think all the day,

And dream all the night, of her.

And ne'er shall my heart from its loyalty part,

While its pulses with life-blood stir.

And greet every rose, round her dwelling that grows,

Sweet birdie! when o'er it you fly;
Would I were a flower, to bloom in her bower,

Or on her fair bosom to die.

STRONGHAND; A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,
AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RETURN.

How was it that the tigreto, whom we saw leave the rancho almost as soon as Doma Marianna, and follow in her track, arrive so late? We will explain this in a few sentences. The young man, feeling certain that his foster-sister thoroughly knew the road she had to follow, which was, moreover, properly traced, had not dreamed of the chances of her missing her way, and not troubling himself to follow the horse's footmarks, he pushed straight on, fancying Doma Marianna ahead of him, crossed the forest, and then entered the plain, without perceiving the person he fancied he was following.

Still, on reaching the cultivated land, he looked carefully ahead of him, for he was surprised at the advance the young lady had gained on him in so short a time. But, though he examined the horizon all around, he saw nothing of her. Marianna was beginning to grow anxious; still, as there was a chaparral some distance ahead, whose tufted trees might conceal her whom he sought, he became reassured, and pushed onward, increasing the already rapid pace of his steed. It took him some time to pass through the chaparral; when he reached its skirt, and again entered the plain, the sun had set about half-an-hour previously, and darkness was invading the earth; the darkness was, indeed, so thick, that in spite of all his exertions, he could distinguish nothing a few paces ahead of him.

The tigreto halted, dismounted, placed his ear on the ground, and listened. A moment later he heard, or fancied he heard, a distant sound resembling a horse's gallop; his alarm was at once dissipated. Convinced that the young lady was in front of him, he mounted again and pushed on. As he was only two leagues from the Hacienda del Toro, he soon reached the foot of the rock. Here he stopped, and asked himself whether he had better go up, or regard his mission as fulfilled, and turn back. While unable to form any decision, he saw a black outline gliding along the path, and soon distinguished a horseman coming toward him.

"Good-evening, caballero," he said, when the latter crossed him.

"A happy journey to you," the other politely replied, and he passed on—but suddenly turned round again. The tigreto rode to meet him.

"Ah!" the horseman said, when they met, "I felt sure that I was not mistaken. How is Marianna?"

"Very well, and at your service," the tigreto answered, recognising the major-domo; "and you, Paredes?"

"The same, thank you; are you going up to the toro, or returning to the rancho?"

"Why that question?"

"Because in the former case I would bid you good-night—while in the latter, we would ride together."

"Are you going to the rancho?"

"Yes; the Señor Marqués has sent me."

"Tell me, Paredes, would there be any indiscipline on my part in asking you what you are going to do at the rancho at so late an hour?"

"Not the slightest, compadre. I am simply going to fetch Doma Marianna, who has remained to-day later than usual with her nurse. Her father is anxious about her long absence, and asked me to go and meet her if she were on her road home, or if not, push on to the rancho."

This revelation was a thunder-clap for the young man, who fancied that he had misinterpreted.

"What!" he exclaimed, anxiously, "is not Doma Marianna at the rancho?"

"It seems not," the major-domo answered, "since I am going to fetch her."

"Why, that is impossible!" the other continued, in extreme agitation.



IN THE FOREST.

"Why so?" said Paredes, beginning to grow anxious in his turn. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that Doma Marianna left the rancho full three hours ago; that I followed her without her knowledge to watch over her safety—and that she must have been lost in the hacienda for more than half an hour."

"Are you quite sure of what you assert?"

"Caral! I have asserted it."

"In that case, Heaven have pity on the poor girl! for I apprehend a frightful misfortune."

"But she may have entered the hacienda without your seeing her."

"Nonsense, compadre; that is impossible. Come, we'll convince ourselves."

Without losing time in longer argument, the two men dashed up the rock at a gallop, and in a few minutes reached the first gate of the hacienda. No one had seen Doma Marianna. The alarm was instantly given; Don Hernando wished to ride off at the head of his people, and beat up the country in search of his daughter; and it was with great difficulty that he was induced to abandon the project. Don Ruiz and the major-domo, followed by some twenty peons, provided with cootie-wood torches, started in two different directions.

Marianna had an idea of his own. When he was quite certain that his foster-sister had not returned, he presumed the truth—that she was lost in the forest. He did not consider for a moment that she had been carried off by Indian marauders, for he had not noticed any trace of a party of horsemen; and Bigote, whose nose was infallible, had evinced no anxiety during the ride. Hence Doma Marianna must be lost in the forest. The tigreto let Don Ruiz, the major-domo, and the peons pass him, and then beat his steps towards the rancho, closely followed by his dog, in spite of the exhortations of his young master and Paredes, who wanted him to accompany them. When he was in the forest he stopped for a moment, as if to look round him; then, after most carefully examining the spot where he was, he fastened, fastened his horse's bridle to the pommel, tied the stirrups together to keep them from clanking, and gave his horse a friendly smooch on the crupper.

"Come, come, Marianna," he said, in order to cut short the young man's complaints, "we cannot remain here any longer; the trees were so close together—that is with extreme difficulty that they succeeded in advancing in this inextricable labyrinth. Forged to take continued detours—obliged at times to wade in water up to their waist—deafened by the discordant cries of the birds, which the flask of the torches aroused—they saw all around them the wild beasts flying, with hoarse roars and eyes glaring through the darkness. It was then that Doma Marianna fully comprehended what frightful peril she had escaped, and how certain her death would have been, had not the hunter come to her assistance with such noble self-devotion; and at the remembrance of all that had occurred, and which was now but a dream, a convulsive tremor passed over her limbs, and she felt as if she were about to faint. Stronghand, who seemed to guess what was going on in the maiden's mind, frequently spoke to her, in order to change the current of her ideas by compelling her to answer him. They had been marching for a long distance, and the forest seemed as savage as when they started.

"Do you believe," Doma Marianna asked, "that we are on the right road?"

"Even admitting, señora, what might be possible," the hunter answered, "that Mariano and myself were capable of falling into an error, we have with us an infallible guide in Bigote, who, you may be quite certain, will not lead us astray."

"Within ten minutes, señora," the tigreto said, "we shall enter the road that runs from the rancho to the hacienda."

"All at once the two men stopped. At the same moment Doma Marianna heard shouts that seemed to answer each other in various directions."

"Forward! forward!" said Stronghand; "Let us not leave your relatives and friends in anxiety longer than we can help."

"Thanks," she answered.

They continued their march; and, as the tigreto had announced, in scarce ten minutes they reached the road to the hacienda.

"What?" the tigreto interrupted him, "those skins belong to you, and I have no claim to them, as you killed the beasts."

"Pooh!" the hunter said with a laugh, "I am not a tigreto, except by accident; the skins are yours, and fairly so; so you had better take them."

"Since that is the case I will not decline; but as for my part, I promised to give my foster-sister the skins to make a rug, I will beg her to accept them."

"Very good," she answered, giving the hunter a look which filled him with joy; "they will remind me of the fearful danger I incurred, and the way in which I escaped it."

"That is settled, then," the hunter said; "and I will cut down with my machete some branches to form a litter."

"Caral, that is an idea which would not have occurred to me," Marianna remarked, with a laugh; "but it is very simple. To work."

Hunters and trappers are skillful and most expeditious men; in a few minutes Marianna had skinned the jaguars, and Stronghand formed the litter: the skins, after being carefully folded, were securely fastened on the back of Bigote, who did not at all like the burden imposed on him; but after a while he made up his mind to put up with it. Stronghand covered the litter with leaves and grass, over which he laid the saddle-cloth of the horse the jaguars had devoured; then he requested the young lady to seat herself on this soft divan, which was so suddenly improvised; and the two men, taking it on their strong shoulders, started in the direction of the hacienda, joined by Bigote, who trotted in front with glad barks.

Although the hunters had, from excess of precaution, formed torches of cootie-wood to help them, the darkness was so complete—the trees were so close together—that it was with extreme difficulty that they succeeded in advancing in this inextricable labyrinth. Forged to take continued detours—obliged at times to wade in water up to their waist—deafened by the discordant cries of the birds, which the flask of the torches aroused—they saw all around them the wild beasts flying, with hoarse roars and eyes glaring through the darkness. It was then that Doma Marianna fully comprehended what frightful peril she had escaped, and how certain her death would have been, had not the hunter come to her assistance with such noble self-devotion; and at the remembrance of all that had occurred, and which was now but a dream, a convulsive tremor passed over her limbs, and she felt as if she were about to faint. Stronghand, who seemed to guess what was going on in the maiden's mind, frequently spoke to her, in order to change the current of her ideas by compelling her to answer him. They had been marching for a long distance, and the forest seemed as savage as when they started.

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"What will we do now?" Marianna asked.

"I think," Stronghand answered, "that we ought to announce our presence by a cry for help, and then proceed in the direction of those who answer us. What is your opinion, señora?"

"Yes," she said, "I think we ought to do so; for otherwise we run a risk of reaching the hacienda without meeting any of the persons sent to seek me, and who might continue their search till morning, which would be ungratitude on my part."

"You are right, Nina; for all these worthy people are attached to you, and besides, your brother and Don Paredes are also seeking you."

"That is a further reason why we should hasten to announce our return," the young lady answered.

The two hunters, after consulting for a moment, uttered together that long shrill yell, which in the desert as in the mountains, serves as the rallying cry, and may be heard for an enormous distance. Almost immediately the whole forest seemed to be aroused; similar cries broke out in all directions, and the hunters noticed red dots running with extreme rapidity between the trees, and all converging on the spot where they stood, as if they radiated from a common centre. Certain of having been heard, the hunters once again uttered their shout for help. The reply was not delayed; the galloping of horses soon became distinct, and then riders, holding torches, appeared from all parts of the forest coming at full speed, waving their hands, and resembling the fantastic huntmen of the old German legends. In a few minutes all the persons were assembled round the litter on which the young lady reclined; and Don Ruiz and the majordomo were not long are they arrived. We will not describe the joy of brother and sister in seeing each other again.

"Brother," Doma Marianna said to Don Ruiz, "if you find me still alive, you owe it to the man who before saved us both from the pirates of the prairies; had it not been for him, I should have been lost."

"You may safely say that, and no mistake," Marianna said, in confirmation.

"Where is he?" Don Ruiz asked; "where is he? that I may express all my gratitude to him."

But he was sought for in vain. During the first moment of confusion, Stronghand had summoned a peon to take his place—he glided unnoticed into the forest and disappeared—no one being able to say in what direction he had gone.

"Why this flight?" Doma Marianna murmured, with a stifled sigh; "does this strange and fear lest our gratitude should prove too warm?"

And she thoughtfully bowed her head on her bosom.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHANCE WORK.

Although he allowed nothing to be visible, Don Ruiz was vexed at heart with the affection the hunter seemed to display in avoiding him, and escaping from his thanks. This savagery in a man to whom he owed such serious obligations appeared to him to conceal either a disguised enmity, or dark schemes whose accomplishment he feared—though he could not assign any plausible motive for them, especially after the manner in which the hunter had not hesitated on two occasions to imperil his life in assisting himself and his sister. These thoughts, which incessantly thronged to the mind of Don Ruiz, plunged him into deep trouble for some moments; still, when the peons he had sent off to seek the hunter all returned one after the other, declaring that they could not possibly find his trail, the young man shook his head several times, frowned, and then gave orders for the start.

Doma Marianna's return to the hacienda was a real triumphal procession. The peons, delighted at having found their mistress again safe and sound, gayly bore her on their shoulders, laughing, singing, and dancing along the road, not knowing how otherwise to express their joy, and yet desirous to make her comprehend the pleasure they felt. In spite of the fatigue that crushed her, and the state of exhaustion into which she had fallen through the terrible emotions she had undergone, Doma Marianna, sensible of these manifestations of gratitude, made energetic efforts in order to appear to share their joy, and prove to them how greatly she was affected by it. But, although she gave them their sweetest smiles and gentlest words, she could not have endured much longer the constraint, and she was really exhausted when the little party at length reached the hacienda.

The marquis, who was suffering the most painful agitation, had gone to the last gate to meet them, and would possibly have gone farther still, had not Don Ruiz taken the precaution, so soon as his sister was found, to send off a peon to tranquillise his mind and announce the successful result. At the first moment the marquis completely forgot his aristocratic pride, only to think of the happiness of pressing to his heart the child he feared he had lost forever. Don Rufino Contreras, carried away by the example, shared in the general joy, and pretended to pump up a tear of sympathy while fixing on the young lady his huge gray eyes, to which he tried in vain to give a tender expression.

The maiden threw herself with an outburst of tears into her father's arms, and at length, yielding to her feelings, fainted—an accident which, by arousing the anxiety of the spectators, cut short all the demonstration. Doma Marianna was conveyed to her apartments, and the peons were dismissed after the majordomo had, by the order of the marquis, distributed among them peones and trigos de redondo, which set the crowd of the delight of these worthy fellows.

In spite of the offer of Paredes, who invited him to spend the night at the hacienda, the tigreto would not consent; and after freeing Bigote from the jaguars' skins, which seemed to cause the dog considerable

pleasure, they both started gayly for the rancho. It was about 2 o'clock, A. M., and a splendid night, and the tiger, with his gun under his arm and his dog at his heels, was walking at a steady pace while whistling a merry jarana, when, just as he was entering the shadow of the forest, Stronghand suddenly emerged from a thicket two paces ahead of him.

"Hullo!" the tiger said, on recognizing him; "where the deuce did you get to just now, that it was impossible to find you? What bee was buzzing in your bonnet?"

The hunter shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you fancy," he replied, "that it is so very pleasant to be stared at by those semi-idiotic ponies for performing so simple a trick as mine was?"

"Well, opinions are free, compadre, and I will not argue with you on that score; still, I should not have run off in that way."

"Very well. You are more modest than you like to show, brother; and I feel certain that, under similar circumstances, you would have acted as I did."

"That is possible, though I do not believe it; still, I thank you," he added, with a laugh, "for having discovered in me a quality which I was not aware I possessed. But where on earth are you going at such an hour?"

"I was looking for you."

"In that case all is for the best, since you have found me; what do you want of me?"

"To ask hospitality of you for a few days."

"Our house is not large, but sufficiently so to contain a guest, especially when you are here; you can remain with us so long as you please."

"I thank you, gossip, but I shall not abuse your complaisance; I am obliged to remain for a few days in these parts, and, as the nights are fresh, I will confess that I prefer passing them under a roof instead of the star-spangled arch of heaven."

"As you please, Stronghand, the door of my humble rancho is ever open to let you in or out. I do not want to know the reason for your stay here; but the longer you remain with us, the greater honor and pleasure you will afford us."

"Thanks, comrade."

All was settled in a few words. The two men continued their walk, and soon reached the rancho. The tiger led the hunter to his bed-room, where they lay down side by side, and soon fell asleep. A few days elapsed during which the hunter saw Doma Mariana several times, while careful not to let her notice him, although it was evident to Stronghand that the young lady would have liked nothing better than meeting him; perhaps she really desired it, without daring to confess it to herself.

One day, about a week after the scene with the jaguar, the hunter was lying half-asleep in a copse whose leafy boughs completely hid him from sight, and quietly enjoying his siesta during the great mid-day heat, when he fancied he heard the sound of footsteps not far from the spot where he was. He instinctively opened his eyes, raised himself on his elbow, and looked carefully around him; he checked a cry of surprise on recognizing the man, who had stopped close to the thicket and dismounted, like a man who has reached the spot he desired. This man was Kidd, the bandit, with whom the reader has already formed acquaintance.

"What does that scoundrel want here?" the hunter asked himself. "He is doubtless plotting some infamy, and I bles the chance that brings him within ear-shot, for this demon is one of the men who cannot be watched too closely."

In the meanwhile Kidd had removed his horse's bit, in order to let it graze freely; he himself sat down on a rock, lit a huk cigarette, and began smoking with all the nonchalance of a man whose conscience is perfectly at its ease. Stronghand racked his brains in vain to try and discover the motive for the presence of the bandit in these parts, so remote from the ordinary scene of his villainy, when chance, which had already favored him, gave him the clue to the enigma, which he had almost despaired of obtaining. A sound made him turn his head, and he saw a stout horseman, with rubicund face and hansomely dressed, coming up at an amble. When he reached the adventurer, the latter rose, bowed respectfully, and assisted him to dismount.

"Out!" the stout man said, with a sigh of relief, "what a confounded ride!"

"Well," the bandit replied with a grin, "you must blame yourself, Don Rufino, for you arranged it. May the fiend twist my neck if I would damage myself, no matter for what purpose, and ride across the plain at this hour of the day."

"Everybody is the best judge of his own business," Master Kidd, "Don Rufino remarked, dryly, as he wiped his steaming face with a fine cambrian handkerchief."

"That is possible; but if I had the honor to be Don Rufino Contreras, enormously rich, and senator in boot, hang me if I would put myself out of my way to run after an adventurer like Master Kidd, whatever pleasure I might take at other times in the conversation of that worthy cabellero."

The senator began laughing.

"Ha! ha! ha! scoundrel, you have scented something."

"Hang it!" the bandit replied, impudently.

"I do not deserve myself, and am well aware that whatever attractions my conversation may offer, you would not have come this distance expressly to hear it."

"That is possible, scamp. However listen to me."

"I can see from your familiarity that the job will be an expensive one; well, I do not dislike that way of entering upon the subject, for it forebodes a good business."

The senator shrugged his shoulders with ill-disguised contempt. "Enough of this," he said, "let us come to facts."

"I ask nothing better."

"Are you fond of money?"

"I certainly have a weakness for gold."

"Good. Would you hesitate about killing a man to earn it?"

"What do you mean?"

"I ask you, scoundrel, whether in a case of necessity you would kill a man for money?"

"I perfectly understand you."

"Because your doubt is offensive to my feelings."

"How so?"

"Hang it, I fancy I speak clearly. Killing a man is nothing when you are well paid for it."

"I will pay well."

"Beforehand?"

"Yes, if you like."

"How much?"

"I warn you that the man I refer to is a poor fellow."

"Yes, a poor fellow who is troublesome to you. Well, go on."

"One thousand p'a-tres. Is that enough?"

"It is not too much."

"Confound it, you are expensive."

"That is possible; but I do my work conscientiously. Well, tell me who the man is that is in your way?"

"Jose Paredes."

"The majordomo at the Tero?"

"Yes."

"Do you know that he is not an easy man to kill? You must owe him a sore grudge, I suppose?"

"I do not know him."

The bandit looked in amazement at the speaker.

"You do not know him, and yet offer one thousand pistoles for his death? Nonsense!"

"It is so."

"But you must have a reason. Carl, a man is not killed as often as a fowl's neck. I know that, but I do not know him."

"You said it just now. He is in my way."

"That is different," the adventurer replied, coaxed by this peremptory reason.

"Listen to me attentively, and engrave my words on your mind."

"Go on, senor. I will not lose a word."

"In two or three days the majordomo will leave for Hermosillo, carrying bills to a considerable amount."

"Good," the bandit said, rubbing his hands gleefully; "I will kill him as he passes, and take possession of the bills."

"No, you will let him go on in peace, and you will kill him on his return, when he has cashed the bills."

"That is true. Where the deuce was my head? That will be much better."

Don Rufino looked at him ironically.

"You will deliver to me the sum this man is the bearer of," he said.

The bandit gave a start of alarm.

"I suppose the sum is large?"

"Fifty thousand pistoles."

"Viva Diosa! Surrender such a fortune?"

I would sooner be burned alive."

"You must, though."

"Never, senor."

"Nonsense," the senator remarked, contemptuously. "You know you are in my hands. All the worse for you if you hesitate, for you will then lose two thousand pistoles."

"You said one thousand."

"I made a mistake."

"And when will you give them to me?"

"At once."

"Have you the amount about you?"

"Yes."

Suddenly the bandit's eye gleamed with a sinister flash; he drew himself up, and leaped, knife in hand, upon the senator. But the adventurer had a powerful adversary. Don Rufino had long known the man he was treating with, and, while conversing, had not once taken his eye off, and attentively watched all his movements. Hence, though Kidd's action was so rapid, Don Rufino was before him; he seized his arm with his left hand, while with the right he placed a pistol to his chest.

"Hullo, my master," he said, coldly, and with the most perfect tranquility, "are you mad, or has a wasp stung you?"

Abashed by his failure, the bandit gave him a savage look.

"Let me loose!"

"Not before you have thrown your knife away, scoundrel!"

Kidd opened his hand, the knife fell on the ground, and Don Rufino put his foot upon it.

"You are not half clever enough," he said, sarcastically; "you deserve to have your brains blown out, in order to teach you to take your measures better another time."

"I do not always miss my mark," he replied, with a menacing accent.

There was a moment of silence between the two men. Stronghand still watched them, not losing one of their words or gestures, which interested him to the highest degree. At length Don Rufino spoke.

"Have you reflected?" he asked the bandit.

"Of what?" the latter remarked, roughly.

"Yes."

"Well, I accept."

"But you understand," the senator continued, laying a stress upon every word, "you must deal frankly this time. No trickery, eh?"

"No, no," Kidd answered, with a shake of the head; "you may be sure of that."

"I reckon on your honesty. Moreover profit by what has occurred to-day. I am not always so good-tempered; and if a misunderstanding, like that just now again arose between us, the consequences might be very serious to you."

These few words were uttered with an intonation of voice, and accompanied by a look, that produced a profound impression on the bandit.

"All right," he said, shrugging his shoulders savagely; "there is no need to threaten, as all is settled."

"Very good."

"Where shall I come to you after the business?"

"Do not trouble yourself about that. I shall manage to find you."

"Ah!" he said, with a side glance; "then that is your affair?"

"Yes."

"Very good. Give me the money."

"Here it is. But remember, if you deceive me—"

"Nonsense," the bandit interrupted him.

The senator drew from his pocket a long purse, through whose meshes gold coins could be seen. He weighed it for an instant in his hand, and then threw it twenty paces from him.

"Go and fetch it," he said.

The bandit dashed at the gold, which as it fell produced a ringing sound. Don Rufino took advantage of this movement to get into his saddle.

"All right," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"I am in your power, demon; but if I ever had you in my hands as you had me to-day, and I manage to discover one of your secrets, I should not be so mad as to show you any mercy."

After this soliloquy the bandit went up to his horse, tightened the girths, and set out in his turn, but in a direction opposite to that which the senator had taken. So soon as he was alone, the hunter rose.

"Oh, oh!" he muttered, "that is a dark plot. That man cannot want to kill Padre merely to rob him; it is plain that the blow is meant for the marquis. I will be on my guard."

We have already seen that the hunter religiously kept his promise.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAR. 18, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine jointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) \$2.50; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies \$6.00; Five copies (and one extra) \$8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) \$12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Steel Engraving in addition.

For Club subscribers who wish the Premium Engraving must send one dollar extra. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for two dollars.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SWINGING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at \$3.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and \$60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price \$55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays \$3.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up jointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent free to those desirous of getting up clubs.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still a fair supply of the back numbers which contain the whole of Leonie's Mystery, and a large amount of other interesting reading—being admirable entertainment for the long winter evenings. A great chance for new subscribers.

OUR LETTERS.

Mrs. B., wife of one of our editorial brethren in Illinois, says:—

"We have many exchanges, but above all I prefer THE POST."

Mrs. B. also tells of her first meeting when a child with THE POST, wrapped around a bundle of dry

A Story of a Valentine.

"Now, doctor, there was a queer thing happened to a student in my class in the seminary. I don't suppose that you are much interested in a love story, but I would just like to tell you this one, because I think you dare not apply your woman's right principles to it in every part. Theories often fail when practically applied, you know."

"Go on, He, go on; I'd like to hear the story. And as for my principles, they'll bear applying anywhere," and the old doctor rubbed his hands together confidently.

"This friend of mine, Henry Gilbert," said He, "was like myself, poor. A long time ago, when he was a boy, the son of a poor widow, the lot on which he lived joined at the back the lot on which lived a Mr. Morton, at that time a thriving merchant, now the principal capitalist in that part of the country. As there was a back gate between the lots, my friend was the constant playmate from earliest childhood of Jennie Morton. He built her playhouses out of old boards, he moulded clay bricks for her use, and carved tiny toys out of pine blocks for her amusement. As he grew larger, and as Jennie's father grew richer, and came to live in greater style, Henry grew more shy. But by all the unspoken language of the eyes the two never failed to make their unchanging regard unknown to each other.

"Henry went to college early. At vacation-time the two met. But the growing difference in their social position could not be felt. Jennie's friends were of a different race from his own. Her parents never thought of inviting him to their entertainments. And if they had, a rusty coat and a lack of money to spend on kid gloves would have effectively kept him away. He was proud. This apparent neglect stung him. It is true that Jennie Morton was all the more kind. But his quick and foolish pride made him fancy that no detected pity in her kindness. And yet all this made him determined to place himself in a position in which he could ask her hand as her equal. But you do not understand doctor, as I do, how irresistible is this conviction of duty in regard to the ministry. Under that pressure my friend settled it that he must preach. And now there was before him a good ten years of poverty at least. What should he do about it?

"In his extremity he took advice of a favorite theological professor. The professor advised him not to seek the hand of a rich girl. She would not be suited to the trials of a minister's life. But finding that Henry was firm in his opinion that this sound general principle did not in the least apply to this particular case, the professor proceeded to touch the tenderest chord in the young man's heart. He told him that it would be ungenerous, and in some sense dishonorable for him to take a woman deliberately brought up into poverty and trial, incident to a minister's life. If you understood, sir, how morbid his sense of honor is, you would not wonder at the impression this suggestion made upon him. To give up the ministry was in his mind to be a traitor to God. To win her, if he could, was to treat ungenerously her whose happiness was dearer to him a thousand times than his own."

"I hope he did not give her up," said the doctor.

"Yes, he gave her up, in a double spirit of medieval self-sacrifice. Looking towards the ministry, he surrendered his love as some of the old monks sacrificed love, ambition, and all other things to conscience. Looking at her happiness, he sacrificed his hopes in more than kindly devotion for her welfare. The knights sometimes gave their lives. He gave more."

"For three years he did not trust himself to return to his home. But having graduated and settled himself for nine months over a church, there was no reason why he shouldn't go to see his mother again. And once in the village, the sight of the old school-house and the church revived a thousand memories that he had been endeavoring to banish. The garden walks, and especially the apple-trees, that are the most unchangeable of landmarks, revived the old passion with undiminished power. He paced his room at night. He looked out at the new house of his rich neighbor. He chafed under the restraint of his vow not to think again of Jennie Morton. It was the old story of the monk who thinks the world subdued, but who finds it all at once about to assume the mastery of his heart. I do not know how the struggle might have ended, but it was all at once stopped from without.

"These reached him a rumor that Jennie was already the betrothed wife of a Colonel Pearson, who was her father's partner in business. And indeed Colonel Pearson went in and out of Mr. Morton's gate every evening, and the father was known to favor his suit.

"Jennie was not engaged to him, however. Three times she had refused him. The fourth time, in deference to her father's wishes, had consented to 'think about it' for a week. In truth Henry had been home ten days and had not called upon her, and all the weary waiting seemed in vain. When the colonel's week was nearly out, he heard that Henry was to leave in two days. In a sort of desperation she determined to accept Colonel Pearson without waiting for the time appointed for her answer. But that gentleman spoiled it all by his own over-confidence.

"For when he called, after Jennie had determined on this course, he found her so full of kindness that he hardly knew how to behave with moderation. And so he fell to flattery her, and flattery himself at the same time that he knew the ins and outs of a girl's heart, he complimented her on the many offices she had received.

"And I tell you what," he proceeded, "there are plenty of others that would lay their heads at your feet, if they were only your equals. There's that young parson, Gilbert, I think they call him, that is visiting his mother, in the unainted and threadbare looking little house that stands behind this one. I've actually seen that fellow, in his rusty, nasty coat, stop and look after you on the street, and every night when I go home, he is sitting at the window that looks over this way. The poor fool is in love with you. Only think of it! And I chuckle to myself when I see him, and say, 'Don't you wish you could reach so high!' I declare it's funny!"

"In that one speech, Colonel Pearson dashed his chances to pieces. He could not account for the sudden return of winter in Jennie Morton's manner. And all his sunshines was powerless to dispel it, or to bring back the least approach of spring."

"Poor Jennie! You can imagine, doctor, how she paced the floor all that night. She began to understand something of the courage of Henry Gilbert's heart, and some

thing of the manliness of his motives. All night long she watched the light burning in the room in the widow's house; and all night long she debated the matter until her head ached. She could reach but one conclusion: Henry was to leave the day after to-morrow. If any communication should ever be opened between them, she must begin it. It was as if she had seen him drifting away forever, and must throw him a rope. I think even such a woman's rights as yourself would hardly justify her, however, in taking any step of the kind."

"I certainly should," said the doctor.

"But she could not find a way—she had no rope to throw. Again the colonel, meaning to do anything else but that, opened the way. At the breakfast-table the next morning she received from him a magnificent valentine. All at once she saw her method.

"It was St. Valentine's day. The rope was in her hand. Excusing herself from breakfast she hastened to her room.

"To send a valentine to the faithful lover was the uppermost thought. But how? She dare not write her name, for after all, she might offend his prejudices and his pride by so direct an approach. She went to fumble in a drawer for stationery. She drew out a little pine boat that Henry had whittled for her many years before. He had named it 'Hope,' but the combined wisdom of the little boy and girl could not succeed in spelling the name correctly. And here was the little boat that he had given, saying often afterward that it was the boat they were going to sail in some day. The mispent name had been the subject of many a laugh between them. Now—but I mustn't be sentimental."

"It did not take Jennie long to draw an exact likeness of the little craft. And that there might be no mistake about it, she spelled the name as it was on the side of the boat:

"HOA!"

"There was not another word in the valentine. Sealing it up, she hurried out with it, and dropped it in the post-office. No merchant, saving all his fortune to sea in one frail bark, ever watched the departure and trembled for the result of venture as she did. Spain did not pray half so fervently when the invincible Armada sailed. It was an unuttered prayer—an unutterable prayer. For heart and hope were the lading of the little picture-boat that sailed out that day, with no other wind but her wish in its sail.

"She sat down at her window until she saw Henry Gilbert pass the next street corner on his morning walk to the post-office. Three minutes after, he went home, evidently in a great state of excitement, with her valentine open in his hand. After a while he went back again towards the post-office and returned. He had taken a reply!

"Jennie again sought the office. There were people all around with those hideous things they call comic valentines open in their hands. And they actually seemed to think them funny! She had a reply. It did not take her long to find her room and to open it. There was another picture of a boat, but the name on its side read 'Despair.' And these words were added:

"Your boat is the pleasantest, but understanding that there was no vacant place upon it, I have been obliged to take passage in this. Slowly the meaning forced itself upon her. Henry had fears that she whom he thought engaged was coqueting with him. I think, doctor, you will hardly justify her in proceeding further with the correspondence?"

"Why not? Hasn't a woman as much right to make herself understood in such a matter as a man? And when the social advantages are on her side the burden of making the advances often falls upon her. Many women do it indirectly and are not considered."

"Well, you know, I'm conservative, doctor, but I'm glad you're consistent. She did send another valentine. I am afraid she strained this figure of speech about the boat. But when every thing in the world depends on one metaphor, it will not do to be fastidious. Jennie drew again the little boat with mispent name. And this time added five words: 'The master's place is vacant!'

"And quite late in the afternoon, the reply was left at the door: 'I am an applicant for the vacant place, if you will take that of master's mate!'

"Good," said the doctor; "I always advocated giving women every liberty in these matters."

"But I will stamp you yet, doctor," said Hubert. "That evening Gough was to lecture in the village, and my friend went, not to hear Gough, but to see Miss Jennie Morton at a distance. Somehow in the stupor of a revived hope he had not thought of going to the house to see her yet. He had postponed his departure and had thrown away his scruples. Knowing how much opposition he would have to contend with, he thought, if he thought at all, that he must proceed with caution. But some time after the lecture began he discovered the Morton family without Jennie! Slowly it dawned upon him. She was at home waiting for him. He was near the front of the church in which the lecture was held and every inch of aisle was full of people. To get out was not easy. But as he thought of Jennie waiting it became a matter of life and death. If the house had been on fire he would not have been more intent on making his exit. He reached the door, he passed the happiest evening of his life, only to awake to sorrow, for Jennie's father is dead set against the match."

"He has no right to interfere," said the doctor, vehemently. "You see I stand by my principles."

"But if I tell the story out I am afraid you would not," said Hubert.

"Why, isn't it done?"

"I beg your pardon, doctor, for having used a little craft. I had much at stake. I have disguised this story in its details. But it is true. I am the here—"

The doctor looked quickly towards his daughter. Her head was bent low over her book. Her long hair hung about it like a curtain, shutting out all view of the face. The doctor walked to the other window and looked out. Hubert sat like a mummy. After a minute Dr. Hood spoke.

"Corseila!"

She lifted a face that was aflame. Tears glimmered in her eyes, and I doubt not there was a prayer in her heart.

"You are a brave girl. I had other plans. You have a right to choose for yourself. God bless you both. But it's a great pity Hubert is not a lawyer. He pleads so well!" He saying he put on his hat and walked out, leaving the young minister and his betrothed alone.

"Children are often 'crammed' than educated at public schools."

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THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

We commenced in THE POST of Jan. 7th, a

STORY OF ADVENTURE

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hairbreadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of THE POST is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meat and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of THE POST without being wiser, in some respect than they were before.

Bentley.

The following is an extract from a recent funeral address by Rev. Dr. Bellow:

But what would external nature, looked at physically, be able to accomplish without death? Is not the whole vegetable mould, that makes the earth green and fruitful every spring, the grave of decayed and dead plants? Why does nature send a million apple blossoms forth in the spring, where she expects only a thousand apples in the autumn, except to make those thousand apples sure? Should the tree ripen every blossom it puts forth, it would die of exhaustion its first season. Had it only as many blossoms as expected fruits, the wind and rain would beat most of them off, and leave us without a harvest. Nature is profuse of life, because life by its very nature is and must be precarious, and death is the very measure of its necessary uncertainty, but also the very means by which its own ravages are repaired. There is no waste in nature, spite of its profusion. Death disappoints this or that prospect of life in the vegetable or animal kingdom, but it helps to maintain the life of each species, and nature is careful rather for the class than the individual. It is known to naturalists that death favors the improvement of every vegetable and animal race by continually renewing its youth, weeding out what is less vigorous and less fitted to contend with the rivals or enemies of its existence, and so continually perfecting God's earthly creation.

Walking.

BY DIO LEWIS, M. D.

I have studied the subject of exercise for twenty years. I have invented a system of gymnastics, which has been introduced into nearly all the schools in America, into most of the English gymnasia, and was introduced into the schools of Berlin a few years ago, with public ceremonies.

I have been the recipient of honorable testimonials from American colleges, many important educational bodies, and from many sources in England and Germany.

Please excuse this parade. My object in making these statements, is to give a just emphasis to an opinion which I wish now to express. It is this—that walking, when properly managed, is the best of all exercises.

None of the artificial exercises can be compared with it. Every important muscle works actively in walking. Notice an active walker. See how every part works—legs, hips, arms, shoulders—the man works all over. Brisk walking gives even the upper half of the body fine play. Then walking costs nothing. You are not obliged to join a class, and employ a teacher. Again, walking takes you into the open air and sunshine, while in gymnastics you are in the dusty atmosphere of a hall; and it is not a small advantage that in walking you enjoy a succession of changing scenes—suggestions of new thoughts. And walking with a friend, the conversation may be interesting and instructive. All this may be found in natural and active walking.

Misery of an Aimless Life.

It is the lack of object, of all aim, in the lives of the homeless wanderers that gives to them the most terrible element of their misery. Think of it! To walk forth with, say, ten shillings in your pocket—so that there need be no instant suffering from want of bread or shelter—and have no work to do, no friend to see, no place to expect you to do, no duty to accomplish, no hope to follow, no home to which you can draw nigher, except that home which, in such circumstances, the traveler must surely regard as simply the end of his weariness! But there is nothing to which humanity cannot attain itself. Men can live upon poison; can learn to endure absolute solitude; can bear company, scorn and shame, and never show it.

“A man attempted recently to steal a ride in a freight car on the Union Pacific railroad. His presence, of course, not being known, the car was locked and he was kept a prisoner for five days without food or drink, until the car arrived at Omaha. When found his feet and legs were frozen solid.

“A man was recently informed, just before his marriage, that his bride had fallen heir to \$200,000, but he let the ceremony go on just the same.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And may be for months and for years,
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting

For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain

At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
For those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears;

Full of cypress like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces;

But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion,
So gently and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune so restless
To him who has suffered and hears—

You shall surely, without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart
broken,

And yield to the long-curbed emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
Your face, as though some one had kissed
you:

Or think at least some one who missed you
Had sent you a thought—if that chears:

Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,

May pass for a tender word spoken:

Enough, while around you there rushes

That life drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
Brim over, and baffle resistance,
And roll down blander roads to each dis-
tance

Of past desolation and years,

Till they cover the place of each sorrow,

And leave you no past and no morrow:

For what man is able to master

And stem the great Fountain of Tears?

Women Fascinating Women.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We often see in the opposite sexes, the most unaccountable attachments arise; sometimes not reciprocated, sometimes unlawful; women with apparently affectionate and compatible partners and lovely children, desert home and kindred, brave scandal and disgrace, and sacrifice the purest and most holy relation, instituting among men, for a blinding passion, without excuse or show of reason; when often the object of such a passion is most unlovely, and there is something so glaringly incongruous in the attachment of the two, that it is rendered shocking from that cause alone.

Much less dangerous in its results, but probably of like origin, is this fascination of women by women, already treated of in your columns; and it may arise from either of two causes:—

First.—The concurrent influence of that subtle agent, which attracts bodies of matter, and which has a no less influence on certain qualities of mind, commonly called sympathy—but more powerful, as it contains the power of subjection, as well as attraction.

Milton says—

“Or sympathy or some counatural force,
Powerful at greatest distance to unite,
With secret amity, things of like kind,
By secretest conveyance.”

When certain qualities of mind, nameless because differing entirely in different persons come in contact, this sympathy or “secret conveyance” becomes magnetism, in which the stronger—perhaps in only one quality, attracts, then subjects, sometimes unconsciously, the weaker.

It is held by some that magnetism is an attribute of the physical organisation alone, but that cannot be, as matter is inorganic of itself, and the physical only the servant of the intellectual. And we sometimes see persons of delicate material possess this magnetising power to an astonishing degree.

The most beautiful sentiments fall from the lips of the lecturer, cold and powerless except sent out on this invisible current, which makes them charm the audience and hold it spell-bound.

This is the medium through which the great revivalist works in communities, at stated seasons, and of the influence exerted over others by the gentleman flirt, and the lady coquette.

Second.—This fascination of women by women is sometimes the result of derangement. It may be insanity, and only appear under certain conditions of physical health, when the forces which feed and sustain the mind are impaired, or it may appear under certain phases of the moon, as eminent physicians say insanity grows better and worse in some cases, as influenced by the moon.

We know that the ardent passion of some men for women, and vice versa, if unregretted, occasionally induces the loving one to murder the object of affection; and then culprit, friends, judge and jury plead “insanity.”

At present, with our limited facilities and imperfect knowledge of science, as related to human nature, we can perhaps offer no better mode of cure for the first phase than can be found in change. Let it be total and complete—climate, occupation, association.

This will entirely change the nature of the removal of physical life, which is constantly going on, and give healthy food to the mind, which must grow in some direction, and which, if nourished by new sources and friendships, and withdrawn wholly from the magnetising current may outgrow its influence.

For the second, the best medical advice should be followed, and as the case would merely be insanity, there should be a removal to a hospital designed for the cure of mind maladies, where those who have made this disease in all its different causes and effects, their life study, are able to allow just the proper degree of restraint and liberty to judge symptoms and foresee crises which we might not foresee, and which might consequently end in disastrous results.

How many sad hearts and desolate homes are made by young girls becoming fascinated by men who are unfit to make with pure women, who are socially, intellectually and morally their inferior!

And why should it be so surprising that this power is felt between persons of the same sex?

“An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,” and when mothers attain the right standard of excellence, this trouble will be so superior a wife can only manage them—

greatly abated. Their daughters will have a healthy physical life, which is the groundwork of the best culture, a more correct estimate of woman's rights and duties than exists in these days of mixed extremes, the component parts of their brains will be more equally balanced and more thoroughly developed; men will be compelled to purify their lives and ascend to a higher moral status to be recognized by women who will demand purity for purity, excellence for excellence; then these weak points of infirmities, these morbid fancies will be gone; the magnetizer powerless, the lunacy vanished, and both friendships and marriages be formed upon a truer, higher basis.

LUCERN ELLIOTT.

Self-Support.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Are women to be blamed for their insipidity? The trouble is that they are where they do not belong. They cannot see where business lies, because they were not born with business eyes. A few women succeed. They have an exceptional fondness and fitness for traffic, and they buy and sell and get gain as readily as men, and do not necessarily lose any grace for their worldly wisdom; but women in general have no capacity for business. It hurts them; it annoys them. They are ill at ease. They instinctively make everything a matter of feeling. They are constantly, if unconsciously, referring everything to the standard of chivalry. They think trade ought to take off its hat as deferentially as courtesy. They are worn out doubly by the wear and tear of the struggle and by the unnaturalness of such wear and tear. What say Miss Mitford—that brave and blamable lady, who writes out of the ruin of the home which himself had wantonly destroyed a worthless and wicked father? “Women were not meant to earn the bread of a family. I am sure of that; there is a want of strength.”

All that can be done for women is to help them do as well as possible what they never can do well, but what it is absolutely necessary they should do somehow. The organisation of woman makes it improbable that she will ever become, to any large extent, a tiller of the soil; but the Horticultural School established in Boston most wisely offers to women an opportunity for thorough education in the theory and practice of horticulture. It aims to choose that part of agriculture most suited for women, and to substitute trained, skillful, well directed labor for untrained, clumsy, and spasmodic effort. We may admit that women can never equal men in trade or commerce; but, because all women may be reduced to self-support, and because all women may be reduced to self-support, who finds a college to teach women the arts of trade and commerce confers a real benefit. A woman thoroughly trained to the occupation of type-setting or hair-dressing may be inferior to the thoroughly trained male printer or barber; but she has a great advantage over the untrained woman. That she is less deaf than a man is no reason why she should not be as deaf as a woman can be; and I fancy her best is far beyond the masculine average. So the objections raised to these schemes—that they tend to take women away from their homes—is not only futile, but fatuous. Women are out of their homes already. It is not a question whether their life shall be domestic or mercantile and mechanical. It is whether they shall be intelligently and lucratively mechanical, or awkwardly, unprofitable, and fatally so. Were it otherwise, did the choice lie between self-support and man-support—coming, of course, naturally and, therefore, honorably—there would be but one answer. And here is where I branch off from the woman's rights reform. If I understand it, the leaders teach the absolute worth and desirableness of manual labor to women. They say (I quote from one of their prominent journals): “Women should earn their living. This is the first spring to action. Girls should be reared, like boys, to depend upon themselves for support. Self-support . . . creates a self-respect which nothing else can confer. No true happiness is found in dependence. No true life is consistent with it.”

Thus it puts men and women on the same plane. It counts pecuniary independence equally incumbent on and pecuniary dependence equally degrading to both sexes. It demands entrance for women into all departments of labor not as the remedy of an evil, but as the fulfilment of a mission. I do not know how strongly enough to express my dissent. I think the necessity of earning her own living is always a woman's misfortune. She who must support herself in order to respect herself is a very inferior sort of woman. Indeed, so far as regards any conception of her part in the economy of life, she is no woman at all. Probably her instinct overbears her intellect, and she is nineteen-twentieths more a woman than she would make herself out to be.

Pecuniary dependence, degrading to men, is not only undignified, but is the only thoroughly dignified condition for women. In a renovated and millennial society all women will be supported by men—will have no more to do with bringing in money than the tides of the field.

It is the misfortune of our age to be as yet far removed from that day; but to imagine that, and then call it degradation is altogether intolerable. Says a woman's paper.

“The intervening years (between girlhood and marriage) are replete with dependence, conventionality, and servility, but still grinding dependence; constant state of servitude. If claimed in love, it is well. [This seems to be inconsistent with a subsequent assertion.] If claimed as payment for benefits received, it is a fraud upon her time, her thought, and her labor. If claimed as a benefit of his conferring upon her his love, it is a fraud upon his own benefit. If claimed as a benefit of his indulgence, she and her mother are mere serfs—loving and beloved, potted and indulged, caressed and doted, if necessary, it may be, but serfs none the less.

Surely, this is wild writing. An artist might as well sketch the outline of Heaven and label it Hell. What meaning have words to the mind that call a “loving and beloved, potted and indulged, caressed and flattered” wife or daughter a “servant”? The cause must be hard pushed for grievance which finds such a state of things a grievance. We will admit that, technically, legally, the husband and father has the right of eminent domain. He is a citizen, wife and daughter or not. Actually, wife, if he is a wrong-headed or bad-tempered man, he may be an intolerable tyrant. There are men so persistent of will, so feeble or twisted in intellect, that never

can never thoroughly subdue or renew them—Scandinavians who conquer by their very weakness. But there are also female Scandinavians, and no law can be framed to touch them. Civil codes may reach a state of absolute perfection, doing equal and entire justice to man and woman, and a husband will still be liable to his wife to death, and the wife to her husband; and, as between the two, one is inclined to think she does it best. A woman has rather more power to make a home steadily and unmitigatedly uncomfortable than a man. But this writer is not speaking of petty tyrants. He expressly depicts a husband and father, able, willing, and longing to support and to cherish; loving and expressing love in all love's ways. To call wifehood to such a man serfdom is to dominate at random. If there is any serfdom about it, it is far more on the husband's side than on the wife's. There is no slavery so abject as the slavery of a man to the woman he loves. Abject, for it goes behind his will and possesses the whole man. And the more a man he is, the more strong and bright and free, the more thorough is his enslavement. Woe to such an one if he falls into the hands of a weak, a frivolous, or an unworthy owner. Joy to men if his proprietor be a large natured woman; for then his completest thrall is his most exalted and divine freedom.

In every known sense of the word a woman owns the man who loves her more than he owns her. Her love is perhaps as great, but it is not so absorbing. She sees the situation where he sees only her. She is as strong as all his strength, because his strength is hers. With whatever of power or wisdom or renown he is endowed she also becomes possessed, and no enlargement of his horizons diminishes one iota of his dependence upon her for the ability to enjoy them. If there is any difference, the supreme control, the court of last resort is here.—*Independent.*

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

Her name shines not in bannered field,
Where right and wrong so boldly war;
Nor singes her voice in any cause
Which men and women battle for;
Yet in her presence, subtle, sweet,
You long to kneel and kiss her feet.

No wondrous romance wreaths her life;
Nor hails she led a martyr train;
Nor beautiful nor rich is she,
But poor, and—some would call her plain;
Yet in her two dear eyes you see
A beauty shining constantly.

No silken robe enfolds her form;
Nor dainty leisure has her hands;
Her jewels are a simple ring;
A ribbon binds her hair's smooth bands;
Yet in her garments' simple grace
Her soul's regality you trace.

No gift she has to shake and thrill
A thankless world with warbled songs,
And art that wakes the ivory keys
To other hands than hers belongs;
Yet in her words of tender cheer
A richer music charms the ear.

She walks in humble ways of life
That lead oftentimes through gloom and shade;
And cares and crosses, not a few,
Are on her patient shoulders laid;
Yet smiles and drinks each bitter cup,
And keeps her brave eyes lifted up.

And homely ways she wreaths with grace,
Harsh duty turns to loving rest;
And cheery hope and steadfast will
Are at her side, in work and rest;
Yet never dreams she you can spy
The angel looking from her eye.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

Job—Snow-water—Stocks—Bags of Treasure—No Name, &c.

“If,” said Job, “I wash myself

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

When the new years come, and the old years go,
How little by little, all things grow!
All things grow—and all decay—
Little by little passing away.
Little by little, on fertile plain
Ripen the harvests of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun,
When the summer at last is done.
Little by little they ripen so,
The new years come, and the old years go.

Low on the ground an acorn lies,
Little by little it mounts to the skies,
Shadow and shelter for wandering birds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea.
Little by little are builded—while so
The new years come and the old years go.

Little by little all tasks are done;
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So in heaven in our hearts begun.
With work and with weeping, with laughter
and play,
Little by little, the longest day
And the longest life are passing away,
Passing without return—while so
The new years come and the old years go.

—Observer.

WON BY PROXY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY LETTICE THORPE.

"No, sir, I cannot consent to your marrying my daughter."

"But why not, Mr. Merrill, why not?

Have you any reasonable objection to my person—my character?"

"Your person? O no—excepting that you're too confoundedly good-looking. If it had been otherwise, Eva might be a little more docile now."

"But my character, Mr. Merrill, have you any fault to find with that?"

"No, you seem honest enough, I do not suppose that you would steal—that is, anything beside my daughter, and I shall take pretty good care that you do not steal her."

"Then what is it, sir, may I ask?"

"Eva, Mr. Belden, has been spoiled and pampered and petted. She does not know how to do one useful thing. What kind of a wife would she make a poor man?"

"But I am not poor, I have a large salary. I could not of course give her a carriage and horses quite yet, nor a box at the opera, but she would not be obliged to exert herself at all. I shall be perfectly well able to keep servants and dress her handsomely, even richly."

"But you may lose your fine salary at any moment."

"I have the confidence of my employers, Mr. Merrill, and they are exceedingly kind."

"It is of no use to say anything more, I am very decided about this, and I beg that you will drop the subject. I wish you to discontinue your visits to my daughter at once. I shall be very glad to hear that you are prospering in this world, but I cannot give you Eva. The comfort and happiness of my daughters are my first and last consideration."

"But she loves me, sir."

"She will get over it; young girls' hearts are not reliable. Good-morning, Mr. Belden, I have told you my wish—pray do not oppose it."

The young man seized his hat and quickly withdrew; but as he was passing the parlor door, a little white hand was laid upon his arm, and he was drawn into the room and eagerly questioned by the lovely owner of the aforesaid hand.

"What did he say, Henry, what did he say?"

"He forbade my coming to the house at all, Eva."

She laid her head against his arm and burst into tears. Drawing her closely to him, he talked in low, soothing tones, until suddenly raising her eyes to his, she said, "I cannot give you up, Henry. I still not give you up. If you cannot come to see me, I shall go to you."

"O my darling, that will never do."

"Then are you willing to relinquish me so easily?" she asked, drawing herself away from him.

"No, dearest, never, never; but we shall be obliged to resort to stratagem, and I have a friend who will assist me. I must go now, for if your father should find me with you, he would be very angry," and after pressing his lips to hers he tore himself away.

William Curtis was seated in his office, hat on, and feet resting upon the mantelpiece, in regular bachelor fashion, when Henry Belden entered, looking eager and excited.

"Glad to see you, old fellow," exclaimed the former; "but, see here, what's the matter? You look a little down in the mouth, it appears to me."

"Will, I want your assistance."

"How, where, and when?"

"I want you to woo and win a lady for me."

"What's that?"

"Just what I said exactly."

"But supposing she should be like the fair maidens of olden times and say, 'Why doest thou not speak for thyself?' You know, Harry, I'm not such a *very* bad looking fellow."

"I know that, Will, but I'm not afraid, my little Eva is true as steel."

"O, it's the fair Eva, is it? Why, what's the matter there, that you do not woo and win her yourself?"

"Her father has forbidden me the house, because I haven't money enough, but he will never object to you, as you are one of fortune's favorites, you know. So I want you to devote yourself to Eva, and give me a chance to meet her when her father thinks she is with you."

"Well, I don't know, Henry, it is putting me in a pretty dangerous place. Miss Eva is a very fascinating young lady. However, if your heart is set upon it, I'll run the risk. What shall I do first?"

"Go and invite her to ride, then when you go to Meriden's lane I'll relieve you for awhile of your charge."

"Why, Harry, you are better at manœuvring than I imagined. When shall it be?"

"Call upon her to-night, and invite her to ride with you to-morrow afternoon, then I will meet you at the place mentioned."

"All right, but what am I to expect for this friendly service?"

"There's a younger sister coming on, Will."

"Yes, and she is prettier even than Eva."

"Well, that is according to taste, you know. Maude is a very pretty girl, and will

soon make her debut in society, so you had better have your eyes wide open."

That evening the gentleman called, as requested, upon Miss Merrill, and invited her to ride the following day. At breakfast, her father said to her, "Eva, I am quite willing that you should encourage Mr. Curtis's attentions, he is a very promising young man."

"And he has plenty of money," she added, dryly; "parents are always willing to encourage the attentions of young men that have a fortune, or the expectation of one. Money redeems a multitude of sins. They may drink, cheat or steal, if they are only rich. But if a man is relying upon his own exertions to make his way in the world, no matter how good and honorable he may be, if he is treated like a vagrant, or felon, I hate such injustice."

"Don't grow ill-natured, Eva, it would soon spoil your beauty."

"I had rather be ill-natured than mercenary," she retorted.

"I suppose you think your father a terrible old bear, because he won't let you play at love in a cottage—scrubbing floors, washing dishes, cooking salt pork, do."

"I think you are very cruel," she said, bursting into tears, rose from her seat and left the room. Her mother's eyes followed her, full of tenderness and sympathy, but Mr. Merrill only laughed, saying:

"She will be in love with Curtis in a week you see if she isn't."

"O no," said the mother, "Eva is very constant in her loves and friendships, she will not change, I know."

"Mr. Curtis is not in love with Eva, nor with him," exclaimed Maude, a beautiful girl of seventeen years.

"Indeed, miss, and what do you know about it?"

The young girl blushed rosy red, and then laughing a little answered,

"I can see, papa, as well as other people."

"You had better attend to your books, and not trouble yourself about your sister's affairs."

"I shall soon be through with the tiresome old books, and have some affairs of my own," she retorted saucily.

"I beg, Maude, that you will wait until Eva is seated before you begin your flirtations. I shall certainly go crazy if I have two to look after."

"I am going to parties this winter, papa, and of course I shall look my prettiest, and then—then and then."

"It is time to go to school, so no more nonsense, but come and kiss me good-by," and the young lady did as requested.

That afternoon Mr. Curtis called with a dashing little turn-out, and took Eva off in triumph, the young girl looking bright and happy enough to warrant her father's predictions, but at Meriden's lane another young gentleman took his place by her side, and indulged in certain demonstrations that his predecessor had not dreamed of. They passed one delightful hour together, the horses being allowed to take their own pace, meanwhile, and upon returning to the place appointed Harry sprang out, and young Curtis again sprang in and drove the lady home.

This same programme was repeated week after week, Eva of course being neither health or spirits under such a regime. At length, one day when Harry Belden was with her, who should they see coming but Mr. Merrill himself.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" asked the frightened girl.

"Haven't you a thick veil, darling?"

"Yes, yes," and immediately this article in question was drawn closely over Eva's face, and shivering with apprehension they met the severe parent, who gave them both a searching glance as he passed by.

"O, Harry, do you think he knows me?"

"Not unless he recognises your dress."

"Thus I'm safe enough, for papa never knows whether I am clothed in purple, green, or yellow. Fortunately I had this veil, I shall regard it as future to my kindest friend. Wasn't it funny, though?" and she went off into a fit of joyous laughter, as contagious as her companion soon joined in her merriment.

That evening Mr. Merrill turned to his daughter, saying, "Eva, I do not think you need to wear the willow any longer for Mr. Belden, he seems to be consoling himself."

"What do you mean, father?" she inquired very demurely, but almost choking with repressed laughter.

"I met him riding with a lady to-day, so closely veiled that I could not see her face, but they seemed to be enjoying themselves very much."

"I do not suppose that Mr. Belden will be silly enough to make a hermit of himself, and renounce the society of all other ladies, because he has been dismissed from the house of the girl he loves. I hope that he does not much to do at home here, will be very glad of the excuse for a journey to the west."

"I am, dear child, your own loving Aunt, *ELLEN LYTTELTON.*"

There was a long silence in the room after Nettie had read these words aloud to herself, then the candle was snuffed with a quick, resolute little hand; and Nettie, still standing against the high drawers, began to write the fifth answer she had composed to this letter, which had only reached her two days before.

"I think, Eva, that you should have written to your father, I should have no objection to interfere with your decision. Now I hope you will come to us at once. We are waiting to welcome you, Nettie, my child, and longing to do so. Write and tell me when to send for you, for I should not like you to come alone. Your Cousin Graham, who has not much to do at home here, will be very glad of the excuse for a journey to the west."

This Nettie drew out and slowly opened, It was but one sheet of note paper and barely filled, yet it took her a long time to read. Perhaps she was not used to skimming over delicate, lady-like epistles. Perhaps the tender affectionate terms were new and delicious to her who lived on those four letters which her dead mother had written to her fifteen years before. Perhaps she was trying to read in the straight black lines (as she had tried to read in the glimpse of moonlit heaven) an answer to that doubt which puzled her.

Almost unconsciously she turned back to herself, having finished, and read the last line aloud to herself.

"As I say, dear, I should have urged all this before I waited until you should be of age, that no one might have any right to interfere with your decision. Now I hope you will come to us at once. We are waiting to welcome you, Nettie, my child, and longing to do so. Write and tell me when to send for you, for I should not like you to come alone. Your Cousin Graham, who has not much to do at home here, will be very glad of the excuse for a journey to the west."

Nettie did not read this over. She folded it hastily, moistened the gum, and fastened the envelope with much unnecessary pressing. Then she found she had no stamp, her only one having been put on the long letter she had written three hours before.

Never mind, she could take it off in the steam of the kettle in the morning, only—suppose she should be tempted to post the first! It would be safer, perhaps, to destroy that one, preserving only the stamp; so she tore the elaborate, carefully-written letter into fifty fragments, and burnt them all. Then once more the small face lay upon its pillow; and the dawn, creeping in with its cold, sweet smile, found the wide desolate eyes searching—searching still.

"Well, I will come—I will follow this letter at once. No need to trouble any one to fetch me. I have thought, and thought, and perhaps it is best. Your grateful Nettie O'Neill."

Nettie did not read this over. She folded it hastily, moistened the gum, and fastened the envelope with much unnecessary pressing. Then she found she had no stamp, her only one having been put on the long letter she had written three hours before.

Never mind, she could take it off in the steam of the kettle in the morning, only—suppose she should be tempted to post the first! It would be safer, perhaps, to destroy that one, preserving only the stamp; so she tore the elaborate, carefully-written letter into fifty fragments, and burnt them all. Then once more the small face lay upon its pillow; and the dawn, creeping in with its cold, sweet smile, found the wide desolate eyes searching—searching still.

"You are happy with me—with us Nettie," he said laughing.

"You know it is," she said with a little gurgle.

"Stop, Nettie," he said, slipping down beside her on the grass, "I will not go on asking you about your past life as I have been so fond of doing. It was quite natural for my mother to insist on your dropping all connection with me, and if possible, all remembrance of your father; but I can perfectly understand how you do not like to speak slightly of him or show him to us in the character of a *beast* (Graham chose the mildest term he could think of) as you must do if you tell us of your privations; therefore I will never speak of it again if I can help it, but will try the harder to render your home bright and happy enough to make up to you for these past years, and make you forget all the shadows that lie behind. Only, Nettie, you will never talk of leaving us as you have lately frightened me by doing sometimes. Promise me."

"It is so new to you to have everything you want, dear!" asked Graham tenderly.

"You know it is," she said with a little gurgle.

"Stop, Nettie," he said, slipping down beside her on the grass, "I will not go on asking you about your past life as I have been so fond of doing. It was quite natural for my mother to insist on your dropping all connection with me, and if possible, all remembrance of your father; but I can perfectly understand how you do not like to speak slightly of him or show him to us in the character of a *beast* (Graham chose the mildest term he could think of) as you must do if you tell us of your privations; therefore I will never speak of it again if I can help it, but will try the harder to render your home bright and happy enough to make up to you for these past years, and make you forget all the shadows that lie behind. Only, Nettie, you will never talk of leaving us as you have lately frightened me by doing sometimes. Promise me."

"She is so happy with me—with us Nettie," he whispered.

"Too happy, Graham," she said, bringing her eyes slowly back to his face, "too happy in one way. O, you don't know what it is to be petted and vanned and loved—after—"

"I can fancy it, he said, very low, "and the petting, and the valuing, and the loving are so delicious to us—to me especially, Nettie."

She did not blush at his heartfelt words, ready as her blushes were at other times, nor had her eyes quite lost their distant look.

"Graham, I have put off speaking day after day, she said, in hurried, trembling tones, "because I have been so cowardly, so afraid of going back to hardships and coldness; but I must speak now, I feel as if I could at last. You know what we sang this morning when we went into church, that quite decided me. Graham, if Aunty will let me, if you don't mind, I would be happier to go home."

"Are you hot out here? Do you really wish to go home?" asked Graham, attempting to rise carelessly, but pulling his hat a little over his face.

"I mean home to my father."

"Such whims little girls sometimes take," he answered, stroking her hair softly.

"Come, it is tea time, you know."

"Graham, I really, really mean it. O, listen, please."

"I will not believe you mean it, Nettie," he said huskily. "Mr. O'Neill has made no effort to recall you, has never been as a father to you. How can you set him before me who loves you so dearly? It is cruel to use it if you are not cruel to yourself."

"O, hush," she cried, covering her face suddenly, "I thought you would help me to see what was right."

"Do you trust to me to show you, dear?"

"Yes."

"Then it is this: to stay and be a dear little helpful daughter to your mother's

ing against the doorway; I think she is hastening after that miserable life you reward her from."

"Nonsense! it is impossible, dear." "I fear it is so, mother. Some ridiculous notion of duty seems to have been always in her head. You know how happy she has been; you know how changed she is. Surely you will be able to convince her that it would be sinful to degenerate again into the poor little ill-used—"

"Hush, dear; all that will not be necessary. She cannot really mean it, she is so happy with us."

"I have thought so, but I suppose we do not understand her," I said, speaking weakly. "She will be sure to speak of it again to-night, and we must try what our united persuasions will do."

The Sunday twilight crept down the distant hills, and the quiet valley rested under its drooping wings; but the shadow of these soothsaying wings fell heavily and sadly upon the little group around that open window, through which the summer evening fragrance crept in woefully.

The mother, hurt and disappointed as her gentle arguments failed to convince the girl whose voice was so firm while her soft, child-like face paled and quivered, watched her son as he stood over Nettie, pleading with sad earnestness, or pausing the room with hot and angry words, that pierced the little pocket, and a handkerchief out of the other. He stood looking at her as if he feared to move and break the dream. And the little face, in its child-like purity, and in its brave, unselfish tenderness, seemed to come towards him across the tainted current of his backward life, showing him something that might lie beyond. He felt an odd, childish longing to stretch out his arms to her, and let her guide him out of reach or hearing of his turbid rush. Perhaps unconsciously he did so, for his arms were round her, and the quiet little head lay at rest against his beating heart.

"Father," she whispered, "will you take me back—though I have sinned?"

He drew her closer, closer, but no words could pass his close, tight lips.

"Are you glad, father?" (There were such sobbing tears in the low voice.) "Kiss me if you are. There is no need to tell me so in words; we shall understand each other always now."

Little Nettie, in all her twenty-one years, had never remembered such a kiss as that, and it brought the tears that struggled in her voice straight up to her eyes. But she did not hide them now.

"Father," she said, looking at him with great glad eyes shining through them, "it is far, far better—to me—to come home."

And then the father—remembering the life his child had led in this home of his bowed his head on hers, and let the child's tears flow as they would from his own tired eyes; knowing, perhaps, they would add nothing to the stained current.

Such a tea it was! Perhaps no better than usual, but so different. With the dainty little figure at the end of the table, and the flowers, and the care and tenderness, and the gay loving talk. But how rudely it was broken into by that sharp ring at the front door bell.

"Shall you be away long?" asked Nettie, wistfully, as her father rose hurriedly to leave the room.

"Only a few minutes. I do not want that person to be brought in here."

And in those same few minutes he returned, and, with a sigh of wonderful relief, sat down at the open window.

"Now we are together," said Nettie, softly, as she took her place beside him, "father, shall I sing you what we sang at church yesterday morning—the words God sent to bring me home again?"

The sunshine had left the narrow city street. There were no smiling scented meadows round her. No sweet chime floated from the distant hills. No earnest pleading voice was there, falling with untold tenderness upon her heart. No brave eyes—bright and eager—read her unspoken wishes. No gentle, motherly kiss fell softly on her lips. Yet the wide, happy eyes looked out, at last, without their searching gaze.

NETTIE. A Western paper says that Speaker John T. Banch of the Kentucky House of Representatives, sheds a bottle of ink every time he writes his name. The dot he puts at the end of his autograph is exactly the length of a Congressional penknife with the blade open at both ends.

NETTIE. Detectives are supposed to be lynx-eyed; but a night-watchman gets along very well with a bull's-eye.

NETTIE. A wealthy bachelor married, off-hand, a beautiful young lady whom he caught inspecting cook stoves at the fair. Since then he can't get within forty rods of the stove department for the crowd of pretty girls.

NETTIE. Some signs are very suspicious. For instance, "I, Steele, Dry Goods."

NETTIE. The annual catch of shad in the Delaware is about 2,500,000.

NETTIE. Self-help is a great thing, but mutual help is not to be despised.

NETTIE. It is reported that Miss Rosa Poe, the sister of Edgar Allan Poe, is living in Richmond, Va., in great destitution.

NETTIE. Why didn't you honestly put it plural at once? I'm glad to hear it though. We have a little party at Harris's, I'll call for you on my way. We shall be able to make a capital night of it."

Mr. O'Neill's face had flushed oddly. The time was not very far behind him when this man dared not have spoken to him so; dared not have taken it for granted that he would go to this place, which he had shunned and avoided through years of carelessness dissipation, which he had even shunned and avoided through the later and more reckless years.

"I am not sure, seeing his companion's broad gash of curiosity fixed upon this flame that this man dared not have spoken to him so; dared not have taken it for granted that he would go to this place, which he had shunned and avoided through years of carelessness dissipation, which he had even shunned and avoided through the later and more reckless years."

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"I am not sure, seeing his companion's broad gash of curiosity fixed upon this flame that this man dared not have spoken to him so;

Rates of Advertising.
Fifteen cents for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
No payment is required in advance.

Value of Advertising.

"Without advertising I should be a poor man to-day."—H. T. Helmholz.

"I advertised my productions and made money."—Nicholas Longworth.

"Advertising has furnished me with a competence."—Amos Lawrence.

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"He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising."—A. T. Stewart.

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Agents are wanted to obtain subscribers for this paper—the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Good commissions allowed. Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

CANVASSERS WANTED—For the Colby C Wringer, with Monitors Patent Indestructible Holes. One of the best selling and paying articles ever offered to the public. Extraordinary liberal commissions offered to "live" agents, who persevere in their efforts. Exclusive right to territory given.

For descriptive Circular and terms, address

COLBY BROS. & CO.,
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AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS, SUCH AS COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

among not only but many nations, must have extraordinary virtues. Perhaps no one ever secured so wide a reputation, maintained it so long, or had so many converts. It has been known to the public about forty years, by a long continued series of marvelous cures, which have won for it a confidence in its virtue, never equalled by any other medicine. It still makes the most effectual cures of Coughs, Cold, Consumption, and other diseases, by medical skill. In fact the Cherry Pectoral has really robbed these dangerous diseases of their terrors, to a great extent and given a feeling of immunity from their fatal effects, which is well founded. If the remedy is not taken in season, every family should have it in their closets, as we are prone to believe of its members. Sickness, suffering, and even life is saved by this timely protection. The present should not neglect it, and the wise will not keep it by for the protection it affords in sudden attacks, and by its timely use.

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Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Practical and Analytical Chemists,

And sold by Druggists all round the world,
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Oleum Paint will paint as much
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WANTED AGENTS FOR GREAT FORTUNES,
And How They Were Made; Or, The Struggles and Triumphs of our Self-Made Men.
By J. D. McCABE, JR.

Profusely Illustrated and Beautifully Bound.

The most taking, instructive, and universally sought after book issued for years. Fascinating as fiction, authentic as history, practical as "Poor hi-hard," with lessons more elevating for popular purposes than any former publication. Agents clearing from \$80 to \$100 per month, in spite of hard times. Sells fast and easily, and delivers splendidly. Send for Circular, etc., and notice extra terms.

GEORGE MACLEAN, Publisher,
101 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

BOOSEY'S COMPLETE OPERAS for Voice and Piano-forte, words in two languages. Price \$1 each. Now ready: Don Juan, Fidelio, Il Trovatore, Lucia, Madama, Proscocca. Issued fortnightly. BOOSEY & CO., No. 4 Bond Street, and W. A. FOND & CO., No. 547 Broadway, New York.

WANTED AGENTS (\$30 per day) to sell the "HOT-TITLE SEWING MACHINE." It is the "lock stitch" (alike on both sides) and is fully licensed. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHN, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo.

\$5 TO \$10 PER DAY. MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, and GIRLS who engage in our new business, make from \$5 to \$10 per day, and the extra location, extra hours, and instructions sent free by mail. Those in need of permanent, profitable work, should address at once to GEORGE STRAKER & CO., Portland, Maine, Jan 21-22.

SCHOOL in all its forms. Ulcers, Sores, Sphincter, Tetra, Scrofula, Boils, Tuberculous Consumption, and all diseases arising from in-ure blood. CAN BE CURED BY using the BANISTER'S SOUP and the BANISTER'S JUICE.

This important fact we are anxious to prove to the thousands who have given up all hope.

We will give the Root and Herb Juices, free of charge, until a cure is effected—then we expect to be paid for the number of bottles used.

ROOT AND HERB JUICES \$1.25 per bottle.

DEBDON & CO.,
151 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HEALTH FOR CONSUMPTIVE, I will send, free, to invalids, a certain Cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Cataract, &c. Address, with stamp, Dr. N. PALMER, New York, N. Y.

CIDER. New Power Screw Press, RATCHET-HEAD SCREWS, IMPROVED GRATES, SEED WARKERS, and forty other articles for Cider Mills and Vinegar Factories. For Circulars, address

J. W. MOUNT,
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THOMAS TOMATO SEED—200, or 500 from selected fruit, sent for 25 cents.
Address M. C. FUNDY,
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**TO LADIES
AND
ALL OTHERS.**

WHO HAVE THE SELECTION
OF
Boys' Clothing:

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ON OUR FIRST FLOOR
WE HAVE A
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FOR

Boys' and Youths'
CLOTHING!

A BEAUTIFUL VARIETY
FOR CHILDREN

From three years upward,
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"STRIPED SUITS,"

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"KNEE BRACES,"

"GARIBALDIS,"

"BISMARCKS,"

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FOR BOYS AND YOUTH
WE HAVE

ALL STYLES AND SIZE.

Prices very low this season.

TO ENTERPRISING MRS.

\$12, \$18, \$24, \$30.

Any of these sums, and more, can be made per week, with very little exertion and no capital, in a perfectly legitimate business, by lady or gentleman. Inclose a stamped envelope, with your address in full, and a circular will be sent free. Address Post-Office Box 5,000 New York City.

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EVERY WOMAN HER OWN PHYSICIAN
BY DR. J. C. AYER, BOSTON.

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AGENTS WANTED.

\$10 a day made by selling Broom, Brush, and Tool Holders. Greatest novelty of the age. Send

25 cents for sample. AMERICAN HARDWARE CO.,

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WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY

OF \$300 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Moreland, Mich.

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TO THE WORKING CLASS.

We are now prepared to furnish all classes with comfortable houses, at the time of for the spare moments. Business now, light and profitable. Persons of other sex easily earn from

50 cents to \$5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much, and all the money they earn is their own. Address us, inclose their address, and test the instances, we make this unparalleled offer. To such as are not well satisfied, we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample, which will do to commence work on—all sent for mail. Address, if you want permanent, profitableness, address

jan18-130 R. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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\$100 REWARD.

For any case of Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerous

Filings that Dr. H. H. H. M. fails to cure.

It is prepared expressly to cure the Filings and nothing else, and has cured cases of over 50 years

existing. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1.00.

LAWRENCE—149 Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.

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FREE TO BOOK AGENTS.

A Pocket Prospectus of the best Illustrated Family Bible, published in both English and German, containing Bible History, Dictionary, Analysis, Harmony, and History of Religions. Sent free on application.

W. FLINT & CO.,

36 South 7th St., Philadelphia.

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FOR SALE,

Six Per Cent. Loan of the City of WILMINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

FREE OF ALL TAXES.

At 85 and Accrued Interest.

These Bonds are made absolutely secure by Act of

Legislature compelling the City to levy sufficient tax to pay interest and principal.

P. S. PETERSON & CO.,

NO. 39 S. THIRD STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

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CHOICE
VEGETABLE AND FLOWER SEEEDS.

Buy your Seeds Direct from the Growers.

COLLINS, WETHERILL & CO.,

1111 and 1113 Market St., Philadelphia.

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SEEDS sent by Mail.

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GENUINE RAMSDELL NORWAY OATS.

HEAVY WHITE SURPRISE OATS.

At Reasonable Prices.

COLLINS, WETHERILL & CO.,

1111 and 1113 Market St., Philadelphia.

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SEEDS sent by Mail.

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GRIMLEY'S PRAIRIE WATER.

Unrivaled as a toilet requisite, it possesses a delicate fragrance comparable to that of the import ed.

Its merits as a durable perfume for the handkerchief make it as valuable to the numberless cheap ex-
trades so much in vogue.

Price One Dollar per Bottle.

General Depot, C. N. Crittenden, T. Sixth Avenue, New York.

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THE BRIGHT SIDE,

"For all eyes and all kinds of weather."

One Dollar a Year.

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An Eight Page Illustrated Weekly, for

Young People. Unrivaled in the amount, variety, beauty, sprightliness and value of its contents.

Large Premiums, or Cash Commissions for cl-
ass. Specimens and terms for three cents. Address:

BRIGHT SIDE COMPANY, CHICAGO, Ill.

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VELOCIPEDIOLOGY!—A Great Com-
plete and a Huge Package of Rare Novelties

FREE for stamp. CENTRAL BOOK CO.,

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Mackenzie's Horticultural Establishment,

Broad and Columbia Avenue,

PHILADELPHIA.

catalogues now ready of all the new and most

desirable plants for Green-houses, dwelling-houses, or gardens on application.

Choice-cut Seeds, specially arranged to order and sent hundreds of miles with perfect safety.

mar11-144

THE AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY 438 William St., New York, went a few

more good Agents than we could possibly

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Average Juror.

Question alternately by the Court, the State's Attorney and the defense, as usually answered by "an intelligent juror."

"Are you opposed to capital punishment?"

"Oh, yes—yes, sir."

"If you were on a jury then, where a man was being tried for his life, you wouldn't agree to a verdict to hang him?"

"Yes, sir—yes I would."

"Have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Your mind, then, is made up?"

"Oh, no—no, it isn't."

"Have you any bias for or against the prisoner?"

"Yes, I think I have."

"Are you prejudiced?"

"Oh, no, not a bit."

"Have you ever heard of this case?"

"I think I have."

"Would you decide, if on the jury according to the evidence or mere rumor?"

"More rumor."

"Perhaps you don't understand; would you decide according to evidence?"

"Evidence."

"If it was in your power to do so, would you change the law of capital punishment or let it stand?"

"Let it stand."

The Court: "Would you let it stand or change it?"

"Change it."

"Now, which would you do?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Are you a freeholder?"

"Yes, sir, oh yes."

"Do you own a house and land, or rent?"

"Neither, I'm a boarder."

"Have formed an opinion?"

"No, sir."

"Have you expressed an opinion?"

"Think I have."

The Court: "Gentlemen, I think the juror is competent. It is very evident he has never formed or expressed an opinion on any subject."

It Won't Do.

"I've been thinking," said Frogby, absently spitting into his paste cup; "I've been thinking about this here woman suffrage business. Sposing," said he, "that—a—now—Olive Logan, for instance, should be made President of this great and glorious country, bequeathed to us by noble sires and all that, she'll be President Logan, wouldn't she?" We bowed. "Well, now, sposing she was to marry, say, a man by the name of—Perkins, for instance, would she be President Logan, or President Perkins?" It was too many for us, "And then again," continued he, after a pause, "sposing Mrs. Johnson was to die, and Olive married Andrew, how then? Just think of Johnson in the White House again! will you? No, sir! With such a prospect, Paul Frogby's down on woman suffrage!"

A Now.

There is a row among the dead languages. Several of the newspapers having perpetrated jokes on the travels and exploits of "Sic Transit," whom "Nihil M," and noctis head off, the Yale Courant reports as follows:—"O uanu sculli!" He didn't either. Sic Transi drove a to pone tandem torno fer from the eastward. He is visiting his aste Mrs. *Die Terra*, in this city, and will stay till *Ortem*. Mrs. *Dignas*, the *Terris*, likewise et super with us last evening when he etas beta pi. The pugilist also cum with him. He *lambda* man badly in the street. *He culis* us off, and *noctem* flat *urna* flounder.

First Correct Opinion.—A lawyer came into court drunk, when the judge said to him: "Sir, I am sorry to see you in a condition which is a disgrace to yourself and your family, the court, and the profession to which you belong." The reproof elicited the following colloquy: "Did your honor speak to me?" "I did, sir; I said that in my opinion you disgrace yourself and family, the court, and the profession to which you belong, by your conduct." "May I—please your honor, I have been an attorney in—in this court for fifteen years, and permit me to say, your honor, that this is the first correct opinion I ever knew you to give."

First Vote.—A justice's jury of six recently tried a man for assault and battery in Crawford County, Ind., and their first vote as to the verdict was as follows:—Jury No. 1 voted "No case of action;" No. 2 voted "Salt and battery, Second D.Gree;" No. 3 deemed the prisoner "Gilty of salt;" No. 4 decided there was "No action of case;" No. 5 voted it "assault and battery;" while No. 6 decided the prisoner "Gilty of assault only."

Candid Childhood.—Rich Maiden Lady. "Well, May, why are you looking so hard at me?"

May. "I'm looking for your other face."

Lady. "What other face, child?"

May. "Why, you are always saying you have two faces!" [Consternation of mamma.]

How Small Expenditures Count.

Five cents each morning—a mere trifl. Thirty-five cents per week—not much; yet it would buy coffee and sugar for a whole family, \$18.20 a year—and this amount invested in a savings bank at the end of a year and the interest thereon at six per cent, computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than \$679—enough to buy a good farm in the West.

Five cents before breakfast, dinner, and supper; you'd hardly miss it, yet it is fifteen cents a day—\$1.05 per week. Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you have over \$3,000. Quite enough to buy a good house and lot.

Ten cents each morning—hardly worth a second thought; yet, with it you can buy a paper of pins or a spool of thread. Seventy cents per week—it would buy several yards of muslin; \$36.00 in one year—deposit this amount as before, and you would have \$2,640 in twenty years—quite a snug little fortune.

Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner, and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a book for the children; \$2.10 a week, enough to pay for a year's subscription to a good newspaper; \$100.50 per year—with it you could buy a good melodeon, from which you could procure good music, to pleasantly while the evening hours away. And this amount invested as before, would in forty years produce the desirable amount of \$15,000.—*Exchange.*

When this has been fairly established,



NOTES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

"Instances have been known of lions displaying a strong attachment for men, as in the well-known story of Androcles."—*Natural History*. But as old Daubney was not again heard of, it seems likely that in his case the lion's affection was of the nature of a devouring passion.

A FANCY.

I suppose if all the children Who have lived through ages long, Were collected and inspected They would make a wondrous throng. Ob, the bubble of the Babel! Oh, the flutter and the fuss! To begin with Cain and Abel, And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women Who are now and who have been, Every nation since creation That this world of ours has seen: And of all of them, not any But was once a baby small: While of children, ob, how many Never have grown up at all!

Some have never laughed or spoken, Never used their rosy feet; Some have even down to Heaven Ere they knew that earth was sweet. And indeed I wonder whether, If we reckon every birth, And bring such a flock together, There is room for them on earth?

Who will wash their smiling faces? Who their saucy ears will box?

Who will dress them, and care for them?

Who will darn their little socks?

Who are arms enough to hold them?

Hands to pat each shining head?

Who will praise them? who will scold them? Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children, Little savage children too, In all stages of all ages That our planet ever knew— Little princes and princesses, Little beggars wan and faint; Some in very handsome dresses, Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion Such a motley crowd would make; And the clatter of their chatter, And the things that they would break. Oh, the bubble of the Babel; Oh, the flutter and the fuss!

To begin with Cain and Abel, And to finish off with us.

Dr. B. D. Lewison's Evening Entertainments.

If people have beautiful homes and wealth, and desire to make their party a *recherche* affair, are there not professional players, singers, actors, readers, florists, etc.? Something grand could be given for half the expense of an elaborate supper.

I need hardly hint to bright people of a less pretentious class that social singing, dancing, charades, and a hundred beautiful games are all open to them. These are ten-fold more enjoyable than the more stately methods of the rich.

The time will soon come when people of really fine culture will not think of giving their guests a late supper; indeed, of the twenty most intellectual and refined homes to which I have been invited in America and Europe, not one gave any refreshments at an evening party, with perhaps the exception of wine in France, and lemonade in this country.

If people have no brains, but have good stomachs, then I advise eating on all occasions; in fact, it is the only thing left. Such people may have already eaten three meals, but when they assemble in the evening at a sociable they had better feed again, and feed heartily; what else is there to do? They can't sit and stare at each other by the hour, and it wouldn't be good manners to lie down on the floor and go to sleep. After they finish the more substantial meats and things they can fill up the rest of the evening with nuts, dough-nuts, apples, cider, and other trifling things.

But if people happen to have a love of music, paintings, conversation (the finest of the fine arts), bright games, charades, dramatics, or any other of twenty amusements—if they happen to have a love for anything above cold pork, then, I advise them, when assembled in a social way, to give their brains a chance, and not stuff their stomachs; the former is human, the latter is pigish.

Few changes in our social life have afforded me such genuine satisfaction as the recent changes, among a few of our best people, in the forms and methods of hospitality.

The change from, "Will you have a glass of whiskey?" which was addressed to callers fifty years ago, to the question, "Will you have something to eat?" which was addressed to them twenty-five years ago, was, on the whole, a great improvement. The change which has now been inaugurated of addressing your hospitality to something above the stomach is a still greater improvement.

When this has been fairly established,

between the rows of celery were left uncropped; this suggested that a row of spinach might be sown between each two rows of celery; at any rate, it might be worth trying.

Twenty pounds of seed were procured, and about six acres of the ground planted with celery were sown with spinach. Mr. Reilly told me that the experiment netted him \$1,500, clear of all expenses, and that, too, without detriment to the celery crop.

The spinach was sown September 1st, and was all out off and marketed in six weeks from the time of sowing, which gave yet ample time to do the work on the celery crop. I have not the figures giving the profits of the three crops per acre, but judge it to be not less than \$1,000 in the hands of Mr. Reilly, who has been, perhaps, the most successful cultivator in the vicinity of New York. At least, I much doubt if more money has ever been made off the same number of acres in the same space of time than has been done by him. As some of the points in the history of such a man may be interesting to the thousands of your readers who cultivate the soil, I will briefly give them.

On a biting cold day in the month of January, some fifteen years ago, John Reilly, then about 19 years of age, clad in a rough gray frieze and corduroys, and just landed from an emigrant ship, asked me for a job. I was full to overflowing with help, as we usually are at such a season, but he was such a likely "boy," that I made room for him. His wages for the first year were only \$100, the next perhaps \$150. But up to this time I had seen but little of him, as he had been sent under a foreman to the place he now owns, which was some miles removed from my residence. Suddenly, one day, my old foreman died, and my garden, in full crop and working eight men, was without a leader. My practice had ever been, and still is, to select my overseer from the working hands, if possible; accordingly I passed these eight workmen through an examination, and without much hesitation decided that Reilly was the only one fitted to lead, though yet scarcely twenty-one. But I had hardly placed him in charge when trouble began; hands that had been with me for half a dozen years, and almost old enough to be his father, refused to obey his orders and resented his authority, and my hitherto peaceful garden bid fair to resemble Donnybrook on a small scale. I tried to conciliate, but to no purpose. John here developed his self-reliance, and showed his early genius as a commander. He insisted that all the old hands be discharged, and that their places be filled with men whom he could control. I hesitated, being loath to discharge trained men when I could only fill their places by green ones; but increasing difficulties made such a course a necessity; accordingly it was done, and from that time there was peace. John now had a chance to show his ability, and rapidly he did it. The garden, under his superintendence, soon became a model for the neighborhood; always clean, orderly, and having luxuriant crops, and worked at less expense than any of us had worked before. This was owing, in part, to the rigid discipline he enforced with his men, but more particularly to a manner of working them, peculiarly his own, and from which I believe he has not since deviated. He never allowed his men to separate, always working them in a body, himself leading; and no matter whether it was a job requiring an hour or a week to finish, he always moved them together, so that all worked under his eye. Such manifest ability soon reaped its reward. In four years John had saved \$3,000 from the salary I paid him. He was then too rich to work for any one; and believing that the chances were a hundred to one that I could not replace such a man, I sold out the land and crop to him at a price that made his interest and taxes over \$2,000 a year. Such a load would have daunted most men, but not such as he. In four years he had paid every dollar of principal—over \$20,000—every cent of which he had made in that time from the product of these eight acres of Jersey soil. He was now firmly on his feet. He bought another eight acres, which he has long since paid for, so that now he is certainly worth \$60,000 in real estate alone, two-thirds of which have actually been paid for from the product of those eight acres of land in eight or nine years. Proud may the man be of a fortune so honestly come by, dug by hard labor from old mother earth! We know that such amounts seem small to the mercantile community, and that our "self-made man" among them must have his millions before his history is thought worth recording; but the energy of mind and body necessary to accomplish so much in so short a time, in such a pursuit as gardening, may have been greater than that displayed by those who have attained greater fame.—*American Agriculturist.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Three Crops in One Season, with a Sketch of the Man who Does It.

BY PETER HENDERSON.

"A little farm, well tilled," has so often been our theme, that it would seem that we had exhausted the subject. Like many other axioms in horticulture and agriculture, it becomes necessary to preach from the same text again and again, to remind young and inexperienced readers that, particularly in the vicinity of large towns or cities, a farm of a few acres, "well tilled," will give each year such profits as farms counting their acres by the hundred do not often yield in a lifetime.

I had almost thought that I knew all about market gardening in this vicinity, that was worth knowing; but a successful experiment, made last fall by one of my neighbors, John Reilly, proved to my satisfaction that I was not yet too old to learn. The neighbor in question is an old foreman of mine, who cultivates about eight acres, in the way usually practiced here: first planting the spring crops of early cabbages, beets, lettuce, onions, radishes, etc., which, being sold off by July, the land is again planted to the second crop, which is usually celery. This is all that we have been requiring of the soil, to give us two crops in one season. But this neighbor of mine is a man of more than ordinary shrewdness and a shrewd observer; he saw that the long-continued drought of last July and August was certain to seriously impair the fall cabbage crop, and that the consumer in consequence would pay high for a substitute. He knew that an excellent substitute was spinach, but his small farm of eight acres was already planted with celery or other fall crops, and no other land rich enough to grow the spinach was accessible. He also saw that the drought was destroying the cabbage crop left the celery but little larger in September than when it was planted in July, and the three feet of space

between the rows of celery were left uncropped; this suggested that a row of spinach might be sown between each two rows of celery; at any rate, it might be worth trying.

Twenty pounds of seed were procured, and

THE RIDDLE.

Enigma.

I am composed of 59 letters. My 35, 58, 51, 52, 46, 57, was a great English bishop.

My 47, 29, 6, is a tree mentioned by our blessed Lord.

My 59, 18, 58, 57, 38, 7, 44, 84, 18, 52, was one of the twelve apostles.

My 25, 13, 46, 4, 25, 12, is the patron saint of England.

My 28, 18, 38, 13, 4, is the outward sign in one of the sacraments.

My 4, 58, 16, 54, 14, 53, was a great reformer.

My 17, 22, 26, 24, 8, 33, 31, is a part of the vestment of the altar.

My 57, 41, 24, 3, 11, 33, 2, was an ancient city.

My 46, 22, 16, 49, 13, 52, is a sacrament of the church.

My 55, 23, 30, 21, 15, 8, 32, 50,